

The Frances Shimer Record

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LITERARY

Frances Shimer School Song

(The following song, by Janet Miller, Academy '24, received the prize offered by the School for the best new school song.)

Tune, "Indiana Moon"

Frances Shimer School, we greet you,
Frances Shimer School, rah, rah!
You are known from Canada to Tampa,
You are known from ocean, east to west, so—
Fling her banners high, Frances Shimer,
Waft her praises to the sky;
Our loyalty to thee will reach from sea to sea,

Frances Shimer School, rah, rah!
You have girls in far-off China,
You have girls in old Japan,
Turkey's heard of you in wondrous story,
Girls from every state sing of your glory;
And from the islands of the sea
Thy daughters' message comes to thee;
Our Frances Shimer band is the best in all the land,
Frances Shimer School, rah, rah!

The Quest for Happiness

A Morality Play presented by the College Sophomores for Class Day, and written by Jane Weaver and Edna Eastabrooks.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

King Arthur	Phyllis Marschall
Knights Errant	
Spirit of Comedy	Helene O'Boyle
Spirit of Beauty	Mary Branson
Spirit of Joy	Jean Meredith
Spirit of Learning	Edith Stone

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Spirit of Brotherly Love	Ellouise Ballstadt
Jester	Edna Eastabrooks
Spirit of Art	Alice Dean
Spirit of Literary Fame	Evelyn Caille
Spirit of Religion	Margaret Hermann
Spirit of Kindness	Jane Weaver
Spirit of Youth	Ruth Heller

OTHER KNIGHTS

Ruth Huffman, Florence Downing, Phyllis Carpenter, Florence Rice,
Julia Benson, Esther Merchant, Elaine Fisher, Julia Jung, Dorothy
Metz, Eleanor Welch, Helen Hay.

First Episode	Comedy
Second Episode	Art, Beauty, Literary Fame
Third Episode	Joy, Religion, Intellect
Fourth Episode	Kindness, Brotherly Love
Fifth Episode	Spirit of Youth
Finale	Epilogue

Prologue

King Arthur: (hearing sound of trumpet in distance) Hark-
en, pray ye. Hear ye the sound of yon trumpets in the distance?
And if ye bide, ye shall see my true knights errant whom I sent out
a score of years ago to bring me back the light of happiness. I longed
for their return ere this, and now mine heart doth grow heavy within
my bosom and there come days when doubt and fear protrude them-
selves within my breast and I am troubled. Mayhap, misfortune has
o'ertaken them. But yea—a brave array they made; Kindness, Broth-
erly Love, Joy, Youth, and Comedy, and others too. And now my
knights, by this trumpet blast I know that one of my knights has re-
turned and will be in our midst ere the sun sets. Bide with me, ye
friends and knights, and hear the tale he shall impart.

First Knight: My fair lord, we shall await his presence at your
pleasure.

Jester: Yea, my lord, and of what will these presents consist?

First Episode

(Spirit of Comedy approaches. Jester stands at the door gri-
macing, and impatiently awaiting the arrival of him who comes.)

Arthur: Who comes, fool?

Jester: Certainly, my lord, some one is coming.

Arthur: Pray, have done with your jesting and tell me who
approaches.

Jester: (Breaking into an unseemly fit of laughter.) Your
most amusing and entertaining knight, my lord.

Arthur: And truly it must be Comedy.

Comedy: My liege, my noble lord, I salute you. (Doffs cap.) I
come to make report of twenty toilsome years that are past without a
glimpse of your benign countenance.

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Arthur: Draw nigh, my knights, and list ye to the tale our jovial friend shall tell.

Comedy: My sweet lord, my eyes are bad and I thought I saw the light. I am not sure. I do not know how the days have passed. I spent my time in making merry with the village folk. Well do I remember their loud laughter at my quips, and that they gave me a feast to speed me on my way. I like not the hot, dusty highways I have traveled, the scorching heat of the midday sun, days without succulent viands, nights spent with no other shelter than the blue arch of the firmament. I am content to return not having found the light. 'Tis good to be with all ye fair knights again.

Arthur: The rogue hath spoken well.

Jester: Even I could have done little better.

Second Episode

(Sound of feet on cobblestones of the courtyard beneath.) Enter Art, Beauty and Literary Fame.

Arthur: Welcome back, brave knights and true. I have missed your comely countenances which used to lend cheer to this erstwhile dreary realm of mine. How have you proved fit to cope with your quest?

Art: Most noble lord, we have strange things to tell you. In foreign climes and through far distant lands have we journeyed, and now we seek your presence once again.

Beauty: Once when I stood on a mountain peak, looking toward the heavens the moonlight flooded the plains beneath and filled my throbbing breast with a sweet pain. I thought I saw light. I threw my arms outstretched to touch it, but ere I could attain the silver beams, they had vanished, leaving me in melancholy.

Arthur: Ah, Beauty, I had hoped that you might find it.

Beauty: Nay, master, it was not my lot to overcome the powers of darkness.

Literary Fame: In the valleys of the Hypernathes, where stand the stately halls of Pizzarro, I delved among the musty age-old volumes wherein I sought to find a cue. A burning desire to put my thought on paper obsessed me; I felt I could not stop. Having written once, a vague feeling of unrest welled within my heart until I had produced more books. And so I went on and on; I felt I could not stop; I found no light; I wager there is no such radiance as this that wise men send fools to seek.

Jester: Aye, well aye! far worse than being fooled by others is to fool one's own self.

Arthur: Tell me, thou Spirit of Art, hast thou been more successful than these others?

Art: My noble lord, I fear not, yet will I tell my tale and ye may judge. When first I journeyed forth, I would not leave this fair quest though I die therefor; so many discouragements have crossed

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my way. I thought it well nigh futile to pursue this search further and so am I returned. Once, however, when the mood was upon me, I sought to portray the beginnings of Heaven and Earth, and had half done with it when lo! suddenly my vision dimmed, but ere I was fully aware of it, the brilliant radiance of an unknown light shone about me, and with the heavenly clear light gleaming upon my masterpiece I brought my task to a worthy end. 'Tis all that I can say.

Third Episode

Arthur: And I fain would know him who will next arrive. Hark ye, does not someone e'en now draw nigh?

Jester: (At door.) Here come three fair knights but none more noble than I, my lord.

(Joy, Religion, and Intellect enter, the three in unison, bowing to Arthur) Most noble lord, we salute you.

Arthur: Welcome back, brave knights and true. And what tale do you bring to them awaiting your arrival in my court?

Intellect: Time was when the vain pleasures of this court delighted me, and I would fain have spent all my days within your realm, but with the quest for the light, the discontent has overtaken me. I beg to renew my search.

Arthur: But first I beg you to swap your tale.

Intellect: Nay, I pray a few moments' leave to rest, and then I will unfold it to you.

Religion: 'Twas in the Holy Land when with the hot Judean sun scorching me I shared my poor crust with a hungry brother, that I sensed the enveloping light of happiness. For a moment it seemed within my grasp. Then a wretched leper brushed my robe, I struck him down, and lo, the light faded slowly, surely, and I found myself in a vale of darkness void of ethereal light.

First Knight: Sweet lord, how like a noble knight he talks. The listening rogue hath caught the manner of it.

Jester: (Piping up.) Yea, my noble lord, again I say I could have done little better myself.

Arthur: Away with ye, knave, and plague the kitchen walls with your poor jests.

Jester: And with your leave, I do very well here.

Joy: My dear lord, I rejoice to be with ye again. Though the lure of distant lands and towering mountain peaks draws me to them at times, I am content to share in the festivities of your fair court once more. The cares of the outside world harass me. Why mourn? I would be joyful always, and no seek solace here. The light never gleamed brightly for me; I doubt if I e'er saw it.

Arthur: And ye, O Intellect, will ye bring me also disappointment as well?

Intellect: Ah, Sir, I cannot say. First list ye to my tale. I believe the treasures of the world's storehouses of thought are mine. Yea, verily, I have delved into their inner recesses, ever shall, ever

striving to attain the light. What to me are the vain pleasures of this physical world; the extravagant festivities of this rapid court. My soul is wrapped in thought far transcending this mundane sphere. Would that I had not returned. My spirit yearns for the peace which only the sweet companionship of books offers me. My soul is flooded with a wonderful light, which gleaming ethereal, radiant, heavenly, seems to banish the dull cares and petty sorrows of this material world. It shines as a beacon light, leading me on to higher and ever higher peaks.

Arthur: Ye have spoken well, my fair knight. But be not too ambitious.

Fourth Episode

(Enter Kindness and Brotherly Love.)

Arthur: My heart which had been sore troubled by vague misgivings, brooding melancholy, stirs itself and is encouraged by Intellect's good fortune. Well, Kindness and Brotherly Love, have ye met with ill or fair success?

Brotherly Love: We cannot tell, my lord, but this we know, that this score of years has receded swiftly into vague eternity, and the days have passed most happily for us. We were unaware of our own petty cares and sorrows, those of others seemed so gigantic in contrast. We sought to assuage pain, to alleviate grief, to banish the powers of darkness. Ere our work was well begun, an heavenly light seemed to purge the surrounding foul atmosphere, piercing even to our hearts, bearing with it a note of gladness. And now we must return. We were content to pass our lives thus in the far east.

Arthur: Ye fill my heart with joy.

Brotherly Love: Hand in hand have we sojourned, knowing joy in service to others and now that we are returned, we are impatient to take our leave and seek new fortunes. Fair is the quest, yet we have not attained the goal. True is that we may search for aye and never find, but oh, the joy of those who give their lives to such a worthy quest.

Arthur: Ye speak well. Seek on. The quest is near at hand.

Jester: The jest? The jest is right here my lord.

Fifth Episode

Arthur: Are all my knights returned? Nay, where is our gentle knight and fair, Youth?

Jester: Yea, my lord, I doubt not but these twenty years have made this Youth, Old Age. (Enter Youth.)

Arthur: Ye have not disappointed me. Ye are as young as on that fair May morning when I sent you forth upon your quest a score of years ago. My heart sings within me, my soul is jubilant; I give thanks to God that all my knights are safely back. This realm of mine has been dreary indeed, lacking the congenial presence of ten such noble ones.

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Youth: My noble lord, I am returned to remain forever. I cannot change; I cannot die; my effervescent spirit cannot be repressed. Though the goal was denied me, I tell ye that I am the epitome of my brothers' souls. Though they die, I cannot; they will remain ever young in me.

Epilogue

Arthur: E'en as the knights of Good King Arthur journeyed out into the world to seek the light of happiness, so too the Sophomores will fare forth to try their fortunes. They whose minds are occupied with one thought alone, or with selfish ambition, will not find the light, but will deem it necessary to return to their King empty-handed; while those who, ever mindful of a noble purpose, forget themselves in service to others will return, guided by the reward of happiness.

(Song by all.)

In our school days at F. S. S.
True friendships we've sought to gain
And we stand for high ideals
Which shall guide us on to fame.

Chorus:

Sophomore, Sophomore, strive for the goal,
Standards uphold, purple and gold,
We'll be true and loyal evermore
To the Sophomores of '24.

A Tragedy in the Toyshop

It all happened because whoever created the Tin Soldier had made a fearful mistake. If he had been a wise and sensible creator, he would have given him a heart of lead—very firm, very hard, and unable to be affected by all the china dolls in the world; but instead of this very reliable sort of a heart, the military man was given one of a balloon-like texture. It was toward anything beautiful; it was buoyant; it was emotional; in short, it was as near human as a Tin Soldier's heart could be. Now human hearts are all right when they are enclosed in human bodies, but nothing can be quite so miserable, quite so unhappy, and quite so utterly hopeless as an almost-human heart in a body of tin. As the poor Tin Soldier himself used to say: "One feels one's limitations." I did not understand for a long time what that meant, because I was never as literary as he, but one day it occurred to me that he had meant the very thing I had known all along—that his heart was too big for his body. This startling fact showed itself in many ways, especially in his attitude toward the China Doll.

She was very beautiful. Her eyes were sea-blue, and she had real golden hair. Her cheeks were the color of June roses; her lips were perfect poutos—luscious cherry-lips and very tempting to kiss. She

was a little taller than the Tin Soldier, but that only made her the more attractive and the more unattainable. He used to say to me that whenever he saw her he was at once so happy that the exquisite joy of it made him miserable. Of course his ridiculous heart was responsible for that.

At the sight of her beauty and that something which is more intangible and more noticeable than beauty—human beings call it charm—his capricious heart would jump about inside of him as though it would burst out and fly to her. He sometimes sighed that he wished it would, so that he could never feel it again; but that was only in his darker moments. Usually he was on the alert to catch a glimpse of her. He was always listening for the first exalted leap of his heart, for it felt, quicker than he could see, her presence.

Yet when he did see her he could do nothing but gaze at her. He longed to stretch out his arms and embrace her, to kneel before her and tell her of his love, but he was made of hard unrelenting tin, and his arms and legs remained stiff. Even if he had been able to speak to her of his passion, I doubt whether she would have listened to him, for her one drawback, her only imperfection was this: she had no heart at all. Beautiful and perfect as she was, she was as hollow, as unresponsive, as stone. The same ironical creator who had given the Tin Soldier too much heart had forgotten to give her any.

One thing I could be thankful for, however, was that this lack was not visible to the Tin Soldier. He could only see what was on the outside of her; he could not know as I did, that there was nothing on the inside. So he went on worshiping her and adoring her with a love that grew greater each day. At times I could not bear to see him almost hypnotized by her charms, for I loved him more truly than she could if she had had a thousand hearts. But, of course, there is no beauty in a Rag Doll who is soiled and old, so I had to content myself with being a sort of confessor for him, to listen to all that he said of her and to give him just the right amount of sympathy and encouragement to make him believe that for an instant she had smiled at him or that for a fraction of a second the blush in her cheek had grown half a shade deeper as he looked at her.

Hating her and loving him though I was, I could never bear to tell him that her sparkling eyes were hard, glassy surfaces reflecting another light, or that her deep warm lips were really as cold as icicles and unable to be melted. Instead I kept on listening and smiling while I felt that my own soft cotton heart would break into little pieces and kill me.

I cannot tell how long this state of affairs went on. I only know that with the passing of each day I hoped and feared that the Tin Soldier would discover the heartlessness of the object of his admiration, and held my breath until the next day had passed. At last one day the

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Soldier spoke to me with such a trembling voice that I knew something terrible must have happened.

"She loves me, oh, I know she loves me!" he cried. "She was close to me today, closer than ever before, and as I stood looking at her and feeling that my heart would burst if she did not give me some sign, I thought I saw—oh, I know I saw!—a twitch of her eyelids. It almost seemed as if she tried to turn to me, for the next moment she fell over on her face." (Unhappy love-sick Soldier! Grasping at the merest incident to deceive himself that she cared for him!) "Of course, I could not go to her aid; all I could do was stand there and wish that I could be killed twice over rather than cause her a moment's pain. Some one came and picked her up, but that Doll, I know, I know she loves me!"

That was almost more than I could bear, and I could not trust myself to say anything. But he went on fiercely.

"This sort of thing can't go on! It must not! I tell you, my heart is eating me away. Oh, if I were only human, if I could weep, it would help a little."

I nodded in sympathy. I had often prayed from the depths of my own heart for that precious gift of tears. Can't human beings realize how fortunate they are, being able to pour out their anguish and sadness? While we—helpless toys in the hands of our masters and mistresses—must keep our feelings sealed up inside of us!

Just at that moment I felt a tremor in my heart by which I knew that the Tin Soldier was feeling the pangs of love greater than ever before. Why? Because someone had placed the China Doll between him and me. Unable to breathe, I watched my Soldier as if my life depended upon it. I knew too well the motions of that heart of his. He was staring at her as if his shining head-like eyes would fly out of his head, while she, all unknowing, gazed straight on front of her, seeing nothing.

Suddenly he spoke, his voice vibrant: "China Doll, beautiful China Doll, can't you, couldn't you love me a little?" I waited breathless. How could she resist that appeal? I forgot that she had no heart and stood listening as he did, in an agony of suspense, for a reply. But none came. Her eyes seemed more glass-like than ever. Not the slightest movement would make us believe that she had heard and would answer.

"Oh," cried the heart of the Tin Soldier, "I have given my life to her, yet she does not hear me or feel my love!" It was a cry of despair, as if he had been wounded in a battle. He drew himself up more proudly than before, then fell forward, and lay on the floor with a great spilt down his side. I saw rising from his poor, broken body a little cloud of a strange sort of dust—sweet, rose-colored dust. It floated in the air out through the open window, then up, up toward heaven itself; and I knew that the heart of the Tin Soldier had broken its bonds and was seeking the heights.

Now my pity was all for the China Doll. What beauty, what charms were hers! She had been loved with the greatest love in the world, but she could never know. She was only a hard, beautiful, empty shell, incapable of feeling. And I breathed a prayer of thanks that although my love had been hopeless, although I had not beauty, I had a heart.

There was a step in the room. Someone had seen the Tin Soldier and had picked him up. As I watched his torn, spirit-less body being carried away, I heard a voice say: "Why, what is this on the Tin Soldier's face? It looks like a tear."

Elinore Smith, College '25.

"An Intelligent Dog"—(*Apologies to Riley*)

I

"Oh, What a nice, intelligent dorg—,"
Said the Raggedy Man as he cranked our Ford
While "Deerkiss"—my dog, and my cat's worstest foe—
Sat up 'n barked 'cuz the thing wouldn't go.
'N when it did go he up 'n ran
'Til it looked like he was chasin' the Raggedy Man.
'N he runned clean down to
Where the Jimson weeds grow by our back fence
'N then he stopped right quick,
'Cuz that dog knew he'd get licked
If he passed that 'ere fence.
Now tell me shore—Didn't 'ole "Deerkiss" show sense?

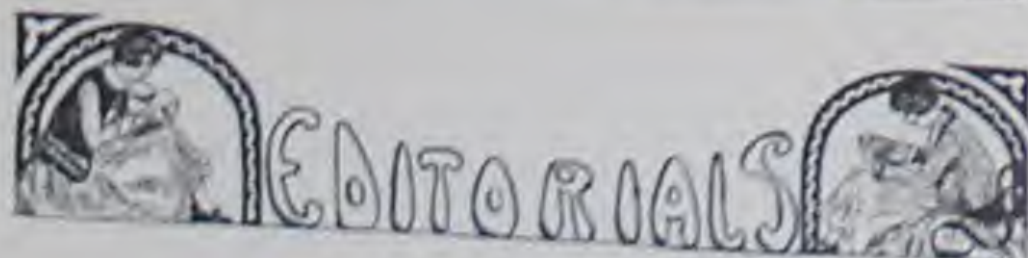
II

'N 't' other day a dirty old tramp came up to our door.
'N when he'd been fed 'n then asked for more
That 'Ole dog o' mine didn't wast any time
A' settin' his teeth in that strange tramp's spine—
'N he roust him up 'n chased him off
Clean down thru' our back lot.
That dog's just the cur—but he's shore purty fine—
Say what do you think o' that 'ere dog o' mine?

III

Even Pa said to me 't' other day—,
"If that dorg o' yours ever passes away
He's so gol durned wise
He'll fool all the dog angels up in the skies—
When they hand him his harp 'n he starts to play—
'Th out any practice a' tall'
But 'afore I stop talkin' let me tell all you folks
'N bear in mind always that this ain't no joke—
If that hound ever dies, I'll feel orful sad
'Cuz he's the knowin'est dog, a guy ever had.

M. H., Academy, '24.



Leaving Frances Shimer

As we, whose lot it is to journey forth into the world perhaps never to return again, think back over our days at Frances Shimer School with memories playing on our heart strings and bringing the tears of happiness to our eyes, recollections of those things which make Frances Shimer dear to us come crawling back through our brains in quick array. Heart-to-heart talks with friends, be they faculty or students, Thanksgiving, Founder's Day, and Commencement; nothing will be the same for us again. We go forth, make new friends, busy ourselves in other work, but days will come when we would give the whole of our kingdoms to be back at Frances Shimer School.

Appreciation to the Faculty

Oh yes! without doubt the faculty are terrible monsters and have abused us abominably in days past; or so we have thought at times. But now, when we are leaving and chance to look back over the year, we know deep in our heart of hearts that what they have done was for the best. We owe them much, for when the majority of us are in our teens is the time for us to mould our ideals, and they have helped us to do it. Hall to the Faculty!

Conditions and Prospects of the School

From the report given at Commencement by Dean McKee.

1. This has been the best year of all in the history of the School, measured in the terms of equipment, efficiency, numbers and income. The income is fifteen times what it was in 1897, and 30 per cent greater than it was in 1916.

2. There have been great improvements during the past year. More than \$15,000 has been spent in permanent equipment, for instance in the purchase of land, in added fire protection, in a water purifier, in new concrete roads, in equipment and furnishing of McKee Hall, in books for the library, and in fitting up a new laboratory for Science Hall.

3. The work in the School has been bettered. The teachers have attended educational meetings, the students have been delegates to meetings for students, the teachers have cooperated in the work of local churches and the community, the School contributions to the Near East and Student Friendship Funds have amounted to several

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hundred dollars; there has been an enrichment of courses of study, and an enlargement of the field of the student body, more than twenty states and China and Japan having been represented here in the past twenty years.

4. Our graduates in increasing numbers are found in useful service, some even in foreign countries helping to do the world's work. Many leave here for higher institutions. We have had approximately 130 representatives in forty different colleges and universities the past year.

5. The School employs no agents, and has the same rate for all. It employs students of limited means to perform certain tasks, and for such service rendered pays out approximately \$2500 a year, to students. It uses no advertising methods except cards in magazines and papers of general circulation.

6. The financial status of Frances Shimer School is as follows:
Value of buildings and grounds and equipment ----\$352,979.78
Productive endowment ----- 106,619.44
Unproductive endowment ----- 38,549.00

We have no debts except current bills, and have a surplus of approximately \$35,000 which may be used towards a library. The library should cost \$75,000. We ought to have \$40,000 for a gymnasium. If we had these two buildings, we could then properly care for one hundred more students if we had space to house them. Such a dormitory would cost \$100,000. I am of the opinion that we could fill another dormitory if we had it to fill and if we had the library and gymnasium. There are some who think that, because we have a beautiful campus and money in the bank, we need nothing, and that is in a sense true if we are not to grow. I raise the question whether this is not the place to develop a school for girls, of capacity for 300 instead of 150. We maintain high standards of work; we are not far from a great city; we have a most wholesome environment and a beautiful and healthful one. There are friends of the School who rejoice in its growth. Are they willing at some sacrifice to themselves to put large sums of money into its equipment and endowment? I believe that this is the only way the growth can be possible. We have never yet paid out a dollar to a solicitor in the seventy years of our history. This is not a thing to be proud of. It is time, in my opinion, when we should do as other high-grade schools do; appeal to our constituency for funds to develop our work. In another ten years we should have a million dollars.







May Fete

The weather seemed to have a special grudge against the May Fete this year, for on the Monday when the Fete was scheduled to be held, it was so cold and damp that there was no possibility of holding it. However, on the Wednesday following, the sun smiled on the event and one could not have asked for a more beautiful day. Nor for a more charming queen than Maxine Ieuter made, as she marched with her attendants, from Dearborn Hall to the throne under the old pine in front of Metcalf. The Wreath Bearer was Katherine Steinaker, and the Pages Evelyn Caille and Maribel Canan. The attendants were Edna Betty Aller, Ellouise Ballstadt, Mildred Clendennen, Violet Duner, Leona Drescher, Helen Nisbett, Sara Pratt, and Florence Rice. The program of dances was as follows:

PART I

1. The Garland Chopin
2. Bacchanale Saint Saens

Oh wild free spirit, Bacchanale,
 I see you dance from out the wood
 And pause when you behold the arbor, heavy laden.
 You gaze in breathless ecstasy!
 Desire is born. You snatch the purple clusters from
 the vine,
 And with your twinkling feet
 Stamp them upon the ground
 To lie in buried heap, whose
 Crimson juice bewitches. Ah!
 How deep a draught you take
 Of this enchanted wine,
 Your rosy mouth a deeper scarlet grows.

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You loose your spirit to the wind
And whirl away
In madcap senseless passion,
With streaming hair and clapping
Hands you prance
In the abandon of your dance.
Then sudden, stumble leaping
High, you fall and lie as
Some crushed flower——sleeping.

3. Dream Visions Stix

PART II

1. The Milkmaid Meyer-Helmund

Krishna thought to steal away
The little milkmaid's heart,
But she just said to him, "Good day."
And went her way——apart!

2. Raggedy Anns Arranged

In the top of the rag doll's
Raggedy head
Is many a raggedy plan,
Which she'll carry out
In a raggedy way
As soon as ever she can.

(a) The Tea Party.

(b) Forgotten Dolls.

3. The Big Brown Bear Arr. by Ochsner

4. Pas de Trois Thomas

PART III

Dream Gate Ochsner

The Legend

It is said that at midnight on Midsummer's Eve, a mortal child is chosen by the faerie world, to learn the wonders of the enchanted realm. The revelation takes place in a mystic garden, separated from the mortal world by a dream gate. At the mystic moment the gate opens slowly, permitting the wondering child to enter. She is granted one hour of surpassing happiness, as the garden dances to her, discovering a wealth of secret pleasures; but at the very height of her joy,—lo! the gate opens again and she returns to the land of mortals.

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The Characters—

The Child
The Rabbit
The Popples

The Gentian
The Canterbury Bells
The Dandelion

Dramatis Personae

Elizabeth Atwood, Mary Branson, Maurine Bogert, Esther Cavan, Marjorie Cleveland, Betty Dolan, Rose Dutton, Gertrude Fenske, Golda Gore, Catherine Haskell, Annette Huntley, Leah Jane Johnson, Alice Kelghan, Emily Klein, Waitressa Lunt, Katherine Macy, Jeanette Meredith, Mary Frances Murray, Alice Smith, Ruth Touzalin, Katherine Tyrrell, Beatrice Wade, Florence Wales, Ruth Williams.

Student Manager	Elizabeth Atwood
Athletic Association Representative	Florence Wales
Piano	Esther Cavan
Director	Ellenore Smith
	Nyla Brown
	Ellen M. Swetil

Miss Swetil is to be congratulated on the success of the Fete, which was one of the prettiest ever held at Frances Shimer.

The final Athletic Club meeting awarded the honors and emblems for the year's work. The High Honors, given for earning 120 points, with at least A- in posture and hiking ten consecutive miles, were awarded to Edna Eastabrooks, Alice Kelghan, Janet Miller, Ruth Touzalin, and Edna Zick. A Large Emblem for earning 80 points was awarded to Phyllis Carpenter, Evelyn Caille, Frances Berck, Helene O'Boyle, Annette Huntley, Madge Hinshaw, Dorothy Jane Parker, Catherine Haskell, Emily Klein, Grace Thompson, Florence Wales, Mary Frances Murray, Katherine Steinaker. A Small Emblem for earning 30 points was awarded to Lois White, Elizabeth Adderly, Mildred Martin, Helen Smith, and Judith Williams.

The tennis and golf tournaments were not played off.

The Final Baseball game of the season was held on Monday before examinations, and resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Academy, the score being 35 to 5. The Academy team was made up of Grace Thompson, captain, Annette Huntley, Lois White, Katherine Steinaker, Mildred Martin, Judith Williams, Ruth Touzalin, Gertrude Fenske, Marguerite Fenske, Janet Miller, Madge Hinshaw, Mildred Ball, and Edna Zick. The College team was made up of Dorothy Jane Parker, Catherine Haskell, Dolores Charlton, captain, Muriel Martin, Emily Klein, Lillian Bowman, Evelyn Caille, Mary Brennemann, Golda Gore, Alice Kelghan, Katherine Macy, Helen Nisbett, and Marjorie Rastede.

Bird Club

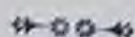
Miss Peters, the counselor for the Bird Club, reports the following birds as seen this year in Mt. Carroll:

Brown Creeper, Downy Woodpecker, Hairy Woodpecker, Flicker, Redbellied Woodpecker, Red headed Woodpecker, Sapsucker, Redbreasted Nuthatch, Whitebreasted Nuthatch, Blue Jay, Crow, Cooper's Hawk, Screech Owl, Cardinal Grosbeak, Rosebreasted Grosbeak, Horned Lark, Meadow Lark, Killdeer, Sandpiper (Tipup), Bobolink, Cowbird, Grackle, Redwinged Blackbird, Goldfinch, Purple Finch, Chipping Sparrow, Field Sparrow, Fox Sparrow, Lincoln Sparrow, Song Sparrow, Tree Sparrow, Swamp Sparrow, Vesper Sparrow, White-

throated Sparrow, Junco, Towhee, Bewick's Wren, House Wren, Winter Wren, Blueheaded Vireo, Red-eyed Vireo, White-eyed Vireo, Warbling Vireo, Chickadee, Phoebe, Pewee, Crested Flycatcher, Least Flycatcher, Yellowbellied Flycatcher, Mourning Dove, Blue Bird, Ruby Crowned Kinglet, Golden Crowned Kinglet, Great Blue Heron, Night Heron, Green Heron, King Fisher, Gray Cheeked Thrush, Hermit Thrush, Olive-backed Thrush, Ovenbird, Wilson's Thrush, Water Thrush, Wood Thrush, Brown Thrasher, Catbird, Humming Bird, Indigo Bunting, Night Hawk, Whip-poor-will, Yellow-billed Cuckoo, Scarlet Tanager, Baltimore Oriole, Orchard Oriole, Purple Martin, Bank Swallow, Barn



Academy Senior Class 1924



FRANCES ELIZABETH McCALLUM
Wauneta Nebraska

EVELYN ESTHER GARVEY
Oak Park, Illinois



ROSANNA KATHRYN MANNS
Waynesboro, Pa.



ELIZABETH EDNA ENGLERTH
North Judson, Indiana



ROSE MARY DUTTON
Sycamore, Illinois



JANET ELIZABETH MILLER
Mt. Carroll, Illinois



VIOLET THYRA DUNER
Wheaton, Illinois





SARA TURNER PRATT
Uniontown, Missouri



MARGARET ELLEN ANDERSON
Kankakee, Illinois



HELEN MARY FIELDS
Chicago, Illinois



EDNA BETTY ALLER
Janesville, Wisconsin



MYRA EMMA WILLSEY
Iowa City, Iowa





MELBA MARSHALL

Chicago, Illinois



JOSEPHINE GERTRUDE HAMLIN

Omaha, Nebraska



MARY ELIZABETH IRWIN

Chicago, Illinois



ELEANORA KIER

Glencoe Illinois



EVALYN BLACK

Chicago, Illinois





ELIZABETH PENDLETON ATWOOD
Chicago, Illinois



MADALINE MAE HINSHAW
Chicago, Illinois



RUTH WILMA BARKER
Chicago, Illinois



LILLIAN VERONA HOWARD
Stanton, Iowa



FRANCES JOSEPHINE BERCK
Chicago, Illinois



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Swallow, Tree Swallow, Chimney Swift, Cliff Swallow, Bay-breasted Warbler, Blackburnian Warbler, Black and White Warbler, Black Pool Warbler, Black Throated Green Warbler, Canadian Warbler, Cape May Warbler, Cerulean Warbler, Chestnut-sided Warbler, Kentucky Warbler, Magnolia Warbler, Maryland Yellow Throat, Myrtle Warbler, Nashville Warbler, Orange-crowned Warbler, Palm Warbler, Worm-eating Warbler, Red Start, Tennessee Warbler, Wilson's Warbler, Worm-eating Warbler.

Y. W. C. A. REPORT

Balance carried forward October 1, 1923	\$271.67
Collected pledges 1923-4	822.57
Total assets	\$1094.24

Disbursements 1923-24

Social committee	\$ 51.78
Social service committee	39.44
Membership committee	12.53
Cabinet fund	11.51
Delegates' expenses to Indianapolis convention	31.75
Delegates' expenses to Chicago convention	26.24
Delegate to New York convention	69.00
National quota	164.00
World Student Christian Federation	250.00
Japanese Industrial Girls	125.00
Chinese Student Christian Fund	25.00
Total disbursements	\$788.65
Cash on hand June 19, 1924	\$305.59

Alice Kelghan has been elected president for the coming year, and Janet Mills vice-president.



Founders Day Picnic

Same old picnic; same old place; same old way. Hayracks, yells, songs, wading in the creek (Oh no, I forgot; Miss Morrison said we could not; it was too cold); cave, violets, snakes. Same old lunch—no, wienies for a change, and cookies and cake instead of two kinds of cake, and "Yes, we had no bananas," and the the Dean wasn't there—he had to be in Chicago, so we could not take his picture. The weather was perfect, the picnic was perfect, and we are awfully glad Frances Shimer founded the School.

Beloit College Players

The Diversion Club of the Frances Shimer School had charge of the entertainment for Saturday evening, April 26. Instead of the vaudeville which they put on each year at this time they offered the Beloit College Players in "The Intimate Strangers," by Booth Tarkington. The College Players is a dramatic club composed of about thirty students. Each year they give six plays which are presented at the college. They have given only a few plays away from Beloit, but hope to do more of that in the future.

Chorus and Glee Club Recital

The recital of the Chorus and Glee Club was held in Metcalf Hall Sunday afternoon, May 11, at four o'clock. The program was as follows:

I

A June Rose	Brown
Red Skies Above a Wigwam	Dvorak-McKinney
Violet Lady	Redmon

Chorus

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Waterlilies ----- II ----- Linders
Glee Club

Ave Verum Corpus ----- III ----- Mozart
Violin Trio

The Dawn is Breaking ----- IV ----- Parlow
The Swan ----- Saint Saens
Shadow March ----- Candlyn
Glee Club

Spanish Dance ----- V ----- Moszkowski
Violin Trio

Boats of Mine ----- VI ----- Miller
Music When Soft Voices Die ----- Harris
I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby ----- Clay
Glee Club

A Night in June ----- VII ----- Offenbach
Amaryllis ----- Ambrose
Tick-Tock ----- Fenn
Chorus

Faculty Recital

One of the delightful events of the springtime has been the Sunday afternoon recital given by the faculty of the Music Department, and this year it was one of the most charming programs that they have ever given. The one regret in the minds of the hearers was that Miss Schuster, the Head of the Department, did not appear as soloist. But she gave support and finish to the offerings of the other artists by her splendid accompanying, which is sometimes considered the rarest art of the pianist. The program follows:

Andante Spianato and Polonaise ----- Chopin
Miss Allyn

Orchestral parts on second piano

Miss Mitchell

O Sleep, why dost thou leave me? (from "Semele") ----- Handel

A Pastoral, (from "Rosaidna") ----- Veracini

Cada la sera ----- Millotti

A Spring Morning ----- Carey

Miss Wallace

Indian Lament ----- Dvorak-Kreisler

Menuet (from Quintet in E) ----- Boccherini

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Orientele -----	Cui
Viennese Folk Song -----	Kreisler
Miss Mitchell	
Japanese Etude (in the style of a Xylophon) -----	Poldini
Danse Orientale (in the style of the Chinese) -----	Cady
Hungarian Etude -----	Mac Dowell
Miss Allyn	
The Time of Parting -----	Hadley
Ma Litte Banjo -----	Dichmont
The Little Shepherd's Song -----	
Winter Watts	
Wings of Night -----	
The Wind's in the South -----	Scott
Miss Wallace	

The Banquet to the Graduates

The Tuesday night before a miserable seige of examinations, the Dean and Mrs. McKee very kindly fortified the Sophomores and Seniors by entertaining them at dinner. The long table which stretched from one end of the ball room to the other held lovely American Beauty roses and dainty sprigs of Japanese crab. At the close of each course, songs, class and school, were sung. After the coffee, the speeches were made, Mrs. McKee acting as toastmistress. Miss Morrison reminded us of the little old lady coming down the pathway of Time to meet us, and cautioned us to beware lest she be endowed with unlovely qualities. She closed her toast with the lines:

"I have given you my dreams—and you alone;
They are like figures in a tapestry,
Faded and dim and visible to few;
Or like strips of moonlight that have shone
On columns lying broken long ago:
The notes of 'cellos that are very low and rich,
Or shallow bowls of porcelain that catch
And keep the sunshine through the rain,
Fragile yet beautiful.

I have given you my dreams; oh hold them tenderly."

The Dean, in a much lighter vein, brought to an end the speeches, expressing the joy he and Mrs. McKee had taken in seeing the banquet table increase each year. Then after we had all joined in "We belong to a School" the evening came to an end, forming another memory which will link us to Frances Shimer School forever.

Expression Graduate's Recitals

There were two graduates this year from the Expression Department, Hazel Stober of Mt. Carroll, and Phyllis Marschall of Hampton, Iowa. Miss Stober's recital was given on the 24th of May, and her program was very delightful. It consisted of several selections, the

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last being the one-act play, *The Clod*, which she gave with artistic finish. Miss Marschall gave a five-act play entitled "*The Fortune Hunter*" for her recital, and her characterization of so many characters showed much skill and dramatic ability.

Junior-Senior Banquet

The Juniors entertained the Seniors for the annual dinner at the Glenview Hotel. It poured all the afternoon, and taxis had to be requisitioned as most of us, because we have no swimming pool, had left our bathing suits at home. (They say 2 1-2 inches of rain fell that afternoon, and we believe it.) However, when we reached the hotel safely, we found it all so pleasant that we forgot the dampness outside. The tables were set in a hollow square, with corsages at each place, dainty menu cards, and a delicious dinner. After the eating, there were toasts, with Martha Barnhart, president of the Juniors, presiding, and responses by Helen Fields, Rose Dutton, Evelyn Garvey, and Betty Irwin of the Senior class and Ruth Touzalin and Harriet Deutsch of the Juniors. The banquet was one of the delightful features of Commencement time.

Sunday Afternoon

There is a tradition that it never rains for the Sunday afternoon service, and so, in spite of threatening skies, we felt sure the weather would clear. And sure enough, it did. The procession formed this year on the walk in front of Hathaway, part of it facing Hathaway, and the line of march, instead of following the path by Dearborn, cut across the grass to the front of Metcalf Hall. The processional hymn was "Lead on, O King of Glory." After an invocation by Dean McKee, there was a solo, "Ave Maria," by Miss Wallace, with violin obligato by Miss Mitchell. The sermon was delivered by Dr. Alfred H. Barr of the McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, on the topic, "Connecting up the Springs of Life." He chose as his text Joshua 15:19, and his general subject was how to keep life alive and abundant. The recessional hymn was "God of Our Fathers."

Art and Home Economics Receptions

Monday of Commencement week is always given up to the receptions by the Departments of Art and Home Economics, and there is always a large attendance of visitors from town for both of these. This year the Art Studio was beautifully decorated with branches and flowers, and the walls were covered with the work of the students of the year. There have been twenty-seven taking Art this semester, and the exhibit, in variety of work and in beauty of individual pieces, was most creditable both to the students and to the instructor, Miss Bawden. Many who attended, who have seen many of the exhibits in previous years, were heard to say that they considered this the most interesting and the most beautiful one that they had ever seen

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at Frances Shimer School. The work was of all kinds—oil, charcoal, pen and ink, crayon, pastel illuminating, drawing from cast and from nature, studies in still life, lettering of mottoes, posters,—every form of art work that would naturally be done in such a department. It is hard to pick out individual pieces, but of course the most conspicuous work was that done by the two graduates of the department, Alice Dean of Bemidji, Minnesota, and Beth McCallum of Wauneta, Nebraska. Miss Bawden is certainly to be congratulated on the work that is done under her supervision.

In the Domestic Art room at Science Hall were exhibited the work of the Sewing, Dressmaking, Design, and Art History classes. The notebooks were very complete and suggestive, showing the variety of subjects taken up in the various courses. The dresses and underclothes made were beautifully finished and showed much skill. In the College class in Dressmaking no patterns were used, but all dresses were draped on the forms and cut from the draping without use of patterns. They included silk, wool, and cotton dresses, and were all varieties, from the party dress to the simple house dress. The Academy class did very creditable work, some of the girls having never done any sewing at all and not even knowing how to thread a machine when they took up the course in February.

In the Domestic Science room was laid out a complete dinner for six, consisting of fruit cocktail, stuffed porkchops with vegetables, salad, snow pudding, and coffee. The decorations of the table were weigelia blossoms, and the pink color scheme prevailed in the entire dinner. Punch and wafers were served to the guests, and the girls in the department, with the instructors, Miss Normington and Miss Bean, acted as hostesses. The exhibit showed that excellent work has been done in the department, and instructors and students are to be congratulated on the results of the year's work.

Commencement Recital

PROGRAM

To Spring		
Norwegian Bridal Procession		
	Muriel Preble	Grieg
Morning		
	Ruth Barker	Speaks
The Hunt		
	Ruth Touzalin	Kaun
Gavotte		
	Janet Miller	Dreyschock
Air on a Theme by Weigl		
	Maxine Montgomery	Dancla
Romance		
	Kathryn Manns	La Forge
Winged Winds		
	Nyla Brown	Burleigh
Faith in Spring		
		Schubert

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Boat Song	Ellen Burkhart	Ware
Impromptu in E Flat Minor	Margaret Anderson	Reinhold
Robin, robin, sing me a song	Maurine Bogert	Spross
Danse Macabre (arranged for two pianos)	Lillian Bowman	Saint-Saens
	Elizabeth Schuster	

Class Day

The Class Day exercises were held in Metcalf Hall on Tuesday afternoon Commencement week. The Sophomores presented a morality play, which is printed elsewhere in this issue. The Seniors gave an exercise in two scenes. In the first Evalyn Black was seen reading a letter telling her of a class reunion which she could not attend because she was so far away, a missionary in China. While she was thinking of the old girls, she dropped her head on her arms and fell asleep, and lived over again in her dream the arrangement made at the graduation for the Class Day exercises. The scene is laid in the laundry; the background is the well-remembered section of the boxes where the clean clothes are placed. The girls are seated on all manner of things—the table, the starch boxes, and wash tubs, discussing what they wish to be and do in later life. The audience fully appreciated the incongruous ambitions. Then after each girl willed some cherished possession to someone not in the class, the climax of the exercises was reached—the search for Nebby, who was found under a box on the stage. After he had been duly squeaked by each member of the class, he was formally presented to the Juniors, who received him with open arms and much rejoicing. We wonder if they as Seniors will have as much success in concealing him as they did as Juniors before Thanksgiving. Time alone will tell.

Artist Arrital

Lois Johnston, soprano, with Jeanne Boyd, accompanist, appeared as one of the events of Commencement week in an attractive program Tuesday evening at Metcalf Hall. Her program ranged from early English to late modern, and took in on the way some lovely things by Watts, Brockway, and La Forge, a Verdi aria given with much dramatic power, and some French and Russian songs to which were given an unexpectedly original treatment and were interpreted with an artist's appreciation of color. Of particular interest was the closing group of songs by Jeanne Boyd, some new, some old, but always welcome to a Mt. Carroll audience, not alone for their genuine artistic value but for the interest with which old friends and acquaintances have followed Miss Boyd's artistic career since she was a student at Frances Shimer. She achieves the double role of composer and accompanist, and is equally successful in both fields, supporting the soloist always with confidence and surety.

After the Artist Recital, a pleasant reception was held in College Hall, which enabled the guests of the School to meet Dean and Mrs. McKee and Miss Morrison, who constituted the receiving line, and the other members of the faculty, and the students who took this opportunity to meet the visiting friends. A large number attended, and wished Dean and Mrs. McKee a pleasant vacation and a delightful summer in Europe.

The Alumnae Luncheon

The Alumnae luncheon was held Wednesday noon in the dining room at the School, the Alumnae being guests of the School. After a bountiful repast, the toastmistress, Miss Beth Hostetter, extended the thanks of the Club to the School for their hospitality, and then called on the speakers of the day. As president of the Club Miss Hostetter welcomed to membership the new members, and the response for the Junior College class was given by the class president, Ruth Heller, and for the Academy class by its president, Rose Dutton. Mr. Rinewalt responded to the toast, "My Ideals for the Development of Frances Shimer School" in which he suggested that our School has all the essentials in the way of campus for an ideal woman's college in the Middle West, and that we should extend our buildings and our campus to accommodate the increased number who will seek admission here. Miss Calla Gillard, former instructor in Piano, gave a piano solo; and a short toast was responded to by Mrs. Myrtle Stevens Bennett '80 of Chicago, who was introduced at length by Miss Hostetter. Mrs. Bennett is president of one of the largest sheet metal manufacturing companies in the country, which manufactures steel containers, paint pails, and so forth. She gave as the one secret that she could suggest for success the four-lettered word "Work." Mrs. Grace Squires gave several vocal solos which were most cordially received, and the exercises closed with a brief word from Dean McKee. During the exercises the new school song was sung, the words of which were written by Janet Miller, Academy '24, and which appears elsewhere in this issue. About eighty sat down to the luncheon. The officers for the coming year are Mrs. Grace Reynolds Squires, '02, president; Mrs. Susan Hostetter Mackay '80, vice-president; Mrs. Florence Turney McKee '94, secretary and treasurer.

General News Items

The Junior Class did not give a play, but instead staged a very pretty lawn party on the lawn between Science, McKee and College. The grounds were roped in, and a Japanese lantern furnished as a ticket of admission. A movie showing campus celebrities, a fortune teller, a fishpond, and other attractions were scattered about the grounds. Pop, wienie and hamburger sandwiches were sold, dancing was staged on the terrace, and the special feature was a May Pole

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dance. It was one of the pretty parties of the year.

President Southwick of Emerson is always a welcome guest and we were delighted with his reading of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" on the evening of May 26.

Dr. Allyn K. Foster, representing the Baptist Education Board, was a guest of the School April 30-May 1. He gave two interesting talks in Chapel, and held some most inspiring conferences with groups of girls.

The Freshman-Sophomore party on May 17 was dainty with its decorations of spring flowers. The special feature was a bicycle stunt given by Mary Frances Murray and Grace Thompson.

The College Sophomore Prom April 12 is one of the events of the year, for it lasts till half past ten. The special feature was a minuet given by Evelyn Caille and Mary Branson, Jeanette Meredith and Ellouise Ballstadt.

Senior Notes

Senior Table began a week before spring vacation. The class with the Counsellor, Miss Hostetter, at one end of the table and Rose at the other enjoyed six weeks of very good times. Each Wednesday night a committee of three girls planned special table decorations. One deserves special mention. On a rainy April night we found place cards of umbrellas and unbuckled goloshes.

June 3 the graduating classes were entertained at a long-to-be-remembered dinner given by Dean and Mrs. McKee.

June 7, examinations over, and how it did pour; but it would take more than that to dampen the sprits of a Shimer Junior-Senior banquet. The dinner certainly was a success. Thanks, Juniors. You're next.

Vespers

March 16. Big surprise. No vespers.

April 6. Dean McKee read Riley. This vespers is a favorite of everyone.

April 13. Miss Altman talked on the value of prayer.

April 20. We all went down town to the Baptist church services. An Easter pantomime was given.

April 27. Miss E. May Parker talked of the mountain people in North Carolina who have so few advantages.

May 4. Dean McKee talked on the claim of the church on youth.

May 11. The Y. W. C. A. had charge of vespers. Alice Kelghin told us of the National Convention of the Y. W. C. A., in New York, which she had recently attended, as a delegate from Frances Shimer.

May 18. Professor Fuller of the Botany Department, University of Chicago, showed lantern slides of Yellowstone National Park.

May 25. Miss Brosnar told us of a delightful vacation trip she

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had last summer through the Canadian Rockies. She made us wish we had been with her.

June 1. Miss Allyn's turn for vespers. Mrs. Squires sang and Miss Mitchell played.

June 8. Commencement vespers. Dean McKee talked to us about a successful life, an appropriate subject for the graduates particularly at this time to consider. Elements entering into success are opportunity, ability and purpose, said Dean McKee. One may have the last two, but never have a chance to use her ability. Likewise, one may have the occasion, but lack the strength and will and innate capacity to achieve. There are perils attendant on success. Failure may result from over-confidence, or through yielding to temptation to indulge. There is a distinction between display and success, for the former is temporary and the latter permanent. Real success involves sacrifice. In the last analysis the greatest failures are spiritual ones. That which is spiritually worthy receives applause. Success rests on truth and high ideals which stand us in good stead in time of storm and stress.

Commencement

The seventy-second annual Commencement of the Frances Shimer School was held on June eleventh, at nine o'clock, to enable those who wished to leave that afternoon to get the express train to Chicago at eleven. The procession entered while Miss Schuster played a march by MacDowell, followed by the beautiful "Allegro Appassionata" by Saint-Saens. The Dean asked the audience to rise and join in the Lord's Prayer, which is regularly used as a part of the Chapel service on Wednesday. Then Miss Wallace sang "The Call of Radha" by Ware. The address of the morning was given by Rev. Wm. H. Geistweit, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church, Dayton, Ohio, on the topic "Things", taking as his text the verse from Emerson "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind" and from Jesus, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth." At the close of the address the honors were announced: Ruth Barker of the Academy class had an average of 86.8 for three semesters, carrying four subjects and Voice one. Of the College Sophomore class, Elaine Fisher had an average of 85.5 for three semesters, carrying four subjects and Piano each semester. Jane Weaver had an average of 85.4 for three semesters, carrying four subjects each semester. Edna Eastbrooks had an average of 85.2 for three semesters, carrying four subjects two semesters and five subjects and Piano one. The Diploma in the Department of Expression was conferred upon Phyllis Audrey Mae Marschall of Hampton, Iowa, and on Hazel Don Stober, of Mt. Carroll, Illinois. The Diploma in the Department of Art was conferred upon Alice Gertrude Dean, Bemidji, Minnesota, and Frances Elizabeth McCallum, Wauneta, Nebraska. The Diploma of Graduation in the Scholastic Department of the Academy was conferred up-

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on Edna Betty Aller, Janesville, Wisconsin; Margaret Ellen Anderson, Kankakee; Elizabeth Pendleton Atwood, Chicago; Ruth Wilma Barker, Chicago; Frances Josephine Berck, Chicago; Evalyn Black, Chicago; Violet Thyra Duner, Wheaton; Rose Mary Dutton, Sycamore; Elizabeth Edna Englerth, North Judson, Indiana; Helen Mary Fields, Chicago; Evelyn Esther Garvey, Oak Park; Josephine Gertrude Hamlin, Omaha, Nebraska; Madaline Mae Hinshaw, Chicago; Lillian Verona Howard, Stanton, Iowa; Mary Elizabeth Irwin, Chicago; Eleanora Kier, Glencoe; Frances Elizabeth McCallum, Wauneta, Nebraska; Rosanna Kathryn Manns, Waynesboro, Pennsylvania; Melba Marshall, Chicago; Janet Elizabeth Miller, Mt. Carroll; Sara Turner Pratt, Unionville, Missouri; Myra Emma Willsey, Iowa City, Iowa. The Diploma of Graduation in the Junior College was conferred upon Elouise Beatrice Ballstadt, Merrill, Wisconsin; Julia Olga Benson, Mt. Carroll; Mary Lucille Branson, New Sharon, Iowa; Evelyn Caille, Humboldt, Iowa; Phyllis Irene Carpenter, Grundy Center, Iowa; Alice Gertrude Dean, Bemidji, Minnesota; Florence Luella Downing, Mt. Carroll; Edna Graham Eastabrooks, Milledgeville; Catherine Elaine Fisher, Oak Park; Helen Elizabeth Hay, Mt. Carroll; Ruth Gwyndolyn Heller, Montpelier, Ohio; Margaret Elizabeth Hermann, Woodbine; Ruth Huffman, Iowa Falls, Iowa; Julia Carolyn Jung, Sheboygan, Wisconsin; Phyllis Audrey Mae Marschall, Hampton, Iowa; Esther Hazel Merchant, Mt. Carroll; Jeannette Meredith, Des Moines, Iowa; Dorothy Arleen Metz, Mt. Carroll; Jeannette Meredith, Des Moines, Ia.; Floy Grace Orr, Mt. Carroll; Florence Anne Rice, Oak Park; Edith Rachael Stone, Spencer, Iowa; Jane Philipina Weaver, Morrison; Mary Eleanor Welch, Lexington. The Marshall for Commencement was Ruthe Wheeler, College '25, of Fort Dodge, Iowa. The Ushers were Dolores Charlton, College '25, of Apple River, Libby Belle Sheehan, College '25, of Streator; Sophy Perry, Academy '25, of Sterling; Martha Barnhart, Academy '25, of Danville; Grace Thompson, Academy, '26, of Sullivan; and Verne Davis, Academy '27, of Chicago.

There was an unusually large number of guests for the occasion. The School takes this opportunity to thank them all for their presence and their interest, and for the words of appreciation for the School and its work which they so generously spoke.

Scattered Family Notes

All connected with the School during recent years will be glad to know that Dean and Mrs. McKee are enjoying this summer a well-earned vacation in the shape of a trip to Europe. They sailed on June 14 on the U. S. Steamship Leviathan for England, and will spend much of the summer in England, with short trips to France and Belgium.

Helen Chapman '21 was married at her home June 28 to Mr. Frederick Frost, son of Prof. E. B. Frost of the University of

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Chicago. They plan to leave for Europe in the fall, to be in Brussels and Paris, where Mr. Frost will work for his Ph. D. degree.

Margaret Knox, '21-'22, is teaching fifth grade in the Chicago public schools.

During the celebration in honor of the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Wheeling (West Virginia) public school system, Texa Jordan, supervisor of Art, was highly commended for a series of historical posters made by students of the school under her direction.

Mabelle Cubbon '23 has been teaching at Elizabeth during the year. She plans to spend the summer at De Kalb Normal and in the fall will enter Illinois Wesleyan at Bloomington.

Faith Reichelt '21 was recently elected Vice-President of the Women's Athletic Association at Northwestern, where she is a Junior. She is also a member of Alpha Chi Omega sorority.

Elizabeth Miles '21 (Expression), daughter of Grace Coleman Miles '85, took the part of Benvolio in "Romeo and Juliet" which was given as a part of the commencement exercises at Wellesley College under the direction of the College Athletic Association.

Stella Durant '23 and Alice Woodworth, '22-'23, spent Easter week-end with friends at the School. The former is teaching in the public school of Galena; the latter is studying in the School of Speech at Northwestern.

Matilda Vernon '76 is at present residing in Boulder, Colorado. Her address is Blue Bird Cottage.

Helen Dearborn, '20-'22, has been appointed to the position of assistant in the public library at Glendale, California, where the family have gone to reside.

The pupils of Della Hinshaw '23, of the Hinshaw Conservatory of Music, Chicago, appeared in Dramatic Recital on March 18, at the studios in the Kimball Building.

Leota Blow '23, who has this year been doing departmental work in the Junior High School at Terril, Iowa, has been elected principal for next year.

Grace Tzlen Hong Wong '22 is studying at the New England Conservatory, where she was admitted to Junior standing on examination last September. She is also treasurer of the association of Chinese students in America.

Mabel Hughes McKee '15 writes of a pleasant call on Mrs. Hazzen, who spent part of the winter with her niece, Mary Hazelton Orcutt '02 in Demerest, New Jersey.

Frances Shimer friends extend sympathy to H. May Cole '09 in the loss of her mother who died in February, at the family home in McDonald, Kansas.

Vivian Shumway, College '16, writes, "After leaving Frances Shimer, I attended the University of Iowa for three years. At the

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end of two years I was awarded an A. B. degree, and also a scholarship in the Graduate School. In 1919 I completed work in the Medical College for the M. S. degree, majoring in Bacteriology and Chemistry. One year later I returned as instructor in the Department of Hygiene and Preventive Medicine. Recently I have been engaged in Public Health and Clinic Laboratory work which has been both interesting and profitable. At present I am completing some courses in the Department of Education in the University of Southern California, with the idea of re-entering the profession of teaching. I shall always feel that for any slight success I may meet, much credit will be due to Frances Shimer, not only for good scholastic work but for a broader social vision and more worthy ideals.

Grace Reynolds Squires, '02-'07, has just returned from a six weeks tour through the east, where she has broadcasted from all the stations between New York and Chicago. Among her numbers broadcasted were several of her own composition. "Afterwhile" is now on the market. She will resume her concert work again this fall. While broadcasting at WRC, Washington, D. C., Mrs. Dora Knight Harris was her accompanist.

We regret that no attempt was made to keep a list of those who returned for Commencement, and therefore we cannot furnish a complete list; but among the visitors during the last few weeks of school were the following: Ardath Blair, Elizabeth Briggs, Helen Clark, Stella Durant, Nelle Hall, Luella Harris Johnson, Helen Hardy, Della Hinshaw, Ruth Kingery, Leona Masor, Mabelle Mest, Gertrude Moore, Grace Roe, Maxine Smith, Marjorie Thompson, Margaret Wasson, Dorothy Duncan, Edith May Whitfield, Mabelle Cubbon, Blanche Warrick, all of the class of '23; Wanda Evans, Mabel Cubbon, Florence Francke, Edna Kosher, Helen Patton, Hazel Downing of the class of '22; Margaret Graham, Madeline Lentz, Alma Fleer, Evelyn Schmidt, Alice Woodworth, all of '22-'23; Helen Hathaway Ramsey, '21-'23; Martha Walker, '19-'20; Carolyn Johnson, '19-'21; Florence Harper, '21; Vivian Kier Zaichenka, '20; Marian Pullman '23 Marjorie Garvey, '20-'21; Dorothy Fargo Curry '14; Elda Pratt '14; Agnes Collins '16; Grace Oberheim '14; Catherine Berkstresser '15-'16.

Marjorie Thompson '23 who has been doing departmental teaching in the Junior High School in Warren, Illinois, was recently re-elected as instructor and supervisor.

Helen Hardy, '23 has a large class in Expression in the Baker Conservatory in Flint, Michigan. She will study at Emerson College of Oratory in Boston during the summer session.

Florence Hunt '21 has been teaching in Dixon. She will study this summer at the University of Colorado in Boulder.

Gertrude Moore '23 who is a Junior at Illinois was elected by vote of the student body as one of the most beautiful young women at the institution. She was also elected Vice-President of Pan-Hellenic.

Alice Keighin '21, and College '25, represented Frances Shimer

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Y. W. C. A. at the national convention of the Y. W. C. A. held in New York April 28 to May 4. Alice was one of the two delegates chosen to represent Illinois in the procession at the International Student's meeting held Sunday afternoon, May 4, in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Edith May Whitfield '23, who has been doing departmental teaching in the public schools in Danville during the year has been re-elected to her position.

Mary Blanchard, College '22, and Beulah Blanchard '23, are both attending Shurtleff College. The former is a senior; the latter a Freshman.

Margaret Sayers '21 is President of the Y. W. C. A. at the University of Iowa. She was chosen to represent her association at the national convention in New York City April 28 to May 4, where she was further honored by being appointed on the national committee on resolutions.

Dorothy Burke '23 is Secretary of the Freshman Class at Northwestern University.

Friends of Florence Baird Almy '07 extend sympathy to her in the loss of her father who died suddenly at his home in Indianola, Illinois, on May 21.

Marion Pullman '23 spent a week-end in May with friends at the School. She has been spending the year at home, but in September will enter the University of Nebraska.

Candidates for degrees in June at the University of Iowa included the following former Shimer students: Marjorie Graham, M. A. in Education; Wanda Evans, Prudence McKenzie, Wilma Murrow, Lucille Smith, and Martha Walker, were each awarded the B. A. degree.

Frances McCormick Nagle, '91-'93, called at the School in May while driving from her home in La Grange, to Iowa.

Andree Hofer Proudfoot was elected Vice-President of the Chicago Association of Poetry Lovers of America at the annual meeting held in May.

Hope Hopkins '20 was a guest at the School during Commencement.

Alma Fenske '18 contributed the vocal numbers to an illustrated lecture on "Music of Central Europe," one of a series of historical musicales given under the auspices of the North Shore Conservatory of Music, Chicago, during the spring.

Ruth Stellhorn Mackensen '18 was graduated in June from the Kennedy Schools of Missions of the Hartford Seminary Foundation in Hartford, Conn., where she has taken the course preparatory for service in educational work in Persia.

Helen Ramsay, '20-'22, has been elected to teach the primary grade in Prairiesburg, Iowa.

Elsie Comstock Doyle '04, who moved in February from her form-

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er home in Iowa to Lewiston, Michigan, writing to a friend in Frances Shimer, says, "I have been celebrating the twentieth anniversary of my graduating recital (it's adding gray hairs to write the number) by spending a day in these wonderful north woods gathering arbutus to send to you."

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Dibble (Mae Parker, College '21) announced the birth of a daughter, Carolyn Ann, on May 27, at South Bend, Indiana.

Elda Platt '14, after several years of successful teaching, entered Iowa State Teachers' College last September. In addition to carrying regular college work, she acted as student assistant in the Department of Physical Education.

Agnes Collins '16 has been teaching French and English in the high school at Gothenberg, Nebraska.

Dorothy Fargo '14 is supervisor of music at Mooseheart School, Mooseheart, Illinois. In May she directed a pageant in which 1000 children participated. She is also soloist in one of the Aurora, Illinois, churches.

Virginia Platt Richardson resides at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. She has three children, two boys and a girl.

Mary Payne '05 has been re-appointed for the twelfth year as instructor in the Oak Park, Illinois, Township High School.

Jeanne Boyd '09, composer-pianiste, appeared in joint recital with Miss Lois Johnson, soprano, at Midland College in Fremont, Nebraska, in May. The program included a group of Miss Boyd's songs, and two of her compositions for the piano.

Anna Phipps, '19-'21, has been teaching for three years at her home in McDonald, Kansas. In September she plans to continue her work in one of the colleges in Kansas.

Ruth Chiverton '18 has been re-elected to teach in the second grade of the public school in Dixon.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Wright (Dorothy Schindel '17-'18) announce the birth of a daughter, Barbara Ann, on May 20, 1921, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Gertrude Thurston Watling '18 writes that she and her husband are residing temporarily at the home of Evangeline Benny "Trussler" '16-'17 at Eagle Rock, California, until their new home in Glendale is completed.

Marriages

Vivian Kier '20 to Mr. Nicholas Paul Zaichenka, on June 3, 1922, in Chicago. At home 1804 Juneway Terrace, Chicago.

Helen Sunderland '21 to Mr. Fred Eriday Curtis on April 3, 1924 in Omaha.

Leulla Harris '23 to Mr. C. O. Johnson, January, 1924, at Eldora, Iowa.

Florence Moore '21 to Mr. Burton Lester Gamble, Jr., on May 16, at St. Petersburg, Florida. At home, 423 North Avenue, N., St. Pet-

ersburg, Florida.

Mildred Catt, '16-'17, to Donald Downing, Monday, June ninth, at the First Presbyterian church, Detroit, Michigan.

The Novelty Shop

Helene: "Lend me two, old girl, and I'll be everlasting indebted to you."

Lucy: Yes, that's what I'm afraid of."

Professor's children: "Father, we've come to say good night."

Absent-minded Professor: "Won't it wait till morning?"

Miss Hostetter: "Who was Cicero?"

Madge: Mutt's son."

"I want to see a dress for around the house," said the lady in the department store.

"How large is your house, madam?" inquired the broad-minded new clerk.

"Where is the car?" demanded Mrs. Dyggs.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Professor Dyggs. "Did I take the car out this morning?"

"You certainly did; you drove it to town."

"How odd! I remember now that after I got out I turned around to thank the gentleman who gave me the lift and wondered where he had gone."

Just Imagine

Evvie	-----	Not bored
Melba	-----	Without Bess
Helene	-----	May Queen
Judy	-----	Weighing 90 pounds
Marty	-----	Singing a solo
Mary B.	-----	Sweet, simple, and girlish
Virginia Varty	-----	In a bathing suit

Miss Parker: "What do you remember about a date?"

Marty: "They are usually masculine."

Miss Parker: "Yes, the most pleasant ones."

Dorry is so dumb she thought the Beloit Players were an orchestra.

Overheard before English III examination:

—?— "I've been saying all day, 'What is so rare as a day in June,."

Peggy: "Oh, what's that from?"

—?— "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

Peggy: "The fall of who?"

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